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The Skating Rink on North Boston in the skating rink building is now open.

Ladies Will be Allowed the Use of the Rink Free

from the hours of 1 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. LADIES ONLY. From 7 to 10:30 the public is invited.

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Ladies and gentlemen will be charged 25c for rental of skates in the evening.

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Summer Sun.

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without reprieve;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad
He thought the kitchen, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Onto the laddered bay-left smiles.
Mentime his golden face around
He hovers to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

among the hills, along the foot,
Round the bright air with feeling true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A MERMAID NEMESIS

By D. M. HENDERS, N. JR.
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The apple of the Widow Stubbs's eye was her boy Sam, a lean, freckled youngster. Perceiving this, Peter Blowsy and Silas Bliggs, captain and mate, respectively, of the "Salmouth Siren," vied with each other in making much of him. Over the bar of her tavern, "The Mariner's Rest," the widow remarked to the two that she was worried about Sam's health, whereupon the captain responded quickly that it was a shame to see such a bright, handsome face looking so peakish. The mate, nodding, energetically nodded his sympathy with this view. The captain, following up his advantage, recommended a certain tonic. Then the mate was seized by a great idea. "What this dear little fellow needs is an ocean trip," he said, impressively. "I'll take him on our next run, Captain Blowsy will, and I'll give him a father's care and bring him back with roses in his cheeks!"

"Delighted to hear him!" the captain immediately responded, slapping his knee to show his appreciation of the plan, although he scowled darkly at his mate when that gentleman's back was towards him. Mrs. Stubbs, after hesitating long, consented, and the many warm glances she bestowed upon Silas convinced him that he had made a ten-strike.

As was their custom, the rival suitors met in the widow's parlor upon the Sunday evening following. Their vessel was to set sail the next morning, so each was anxious to unburden his heart to his hostess. When the clock's hands neared eleven, Silas, seeing that the captain had determined to sit him out, arose. With a malicious glance at his rival, he excused himself for not staying later. Since Samuel—whom he was to assume charge of that evening—was used to retiring early, he announced, he meant him while in his care to continue in the wise habit his good mother had taught him. As the wily mate had counted upon the opportunity came while he was waiting at the door for the boy, Mrs. Stubbs was quite overcome when he stammered his pettish, a condition which, while lamentable at the time, gave Silas blissful memories to carry with him, since during the moment of collapse the widow's plump form reposed in his arms. Recovering, she told Silas only that the memory of her dear Stubbs had not allowed her to contemplate a success up to him, but that she felt indeed honored at such an offer from such a person, and that she would try to see whether Stubbs' place in her heart might not be shared by another.

Silas, who had not expected a more favorable answer at that time, bade her adieu contentedly, feeling that the captain's persuasive powers could earn him no better answer than the one he secured, and that if he could retain possession of his trump card—Sam—he would have nothing to fear from the captain upon their return.



Captain Blowsy.

The surly greeting he received from that gentleman the next morning went to confirm his belief.

The "Salmouth Siren" sailed, and after an uneventful voyage reached her destination and discharged her cargo. As they were about to weigh anchor for the return trip, a boat rowed hastily out to the ship.

A rough-looking fellow came aboard and was ushered into the cabin. The curious Silas took his stand a few feet away from the open cabin skylight.

The stranger was speaking. "My boat's off Blimley Cove!" were the first words Silas heard.

"A day's trip this side o' Salmouth! Then you can look for us about the first o' next week," the captain said.

"I don't want ter run agin' the law!" said the stranger, dubitantly.

"Not!" came from the captain. "Foller my directions an' you'll come out all right. The night after we reaches Blimley Cove I comes ashore with the mate and the kid. You foller us. Ter mate an' I goes in fer a drink at some longshore tavern, leavin' the kid outside, the company inside not being fit fer one of his innereuse to sociate with. The place I picks out ter leave him is a lonely un', so you comes along an' nips him. You keeps him on your boat till I tells you when an' whar ter land him. When you brings him ashore I happens along, huntin' fer the lost Sammy! We has a little set to an' I rescues the kid! It's simple!"

"Tis blowed if I likes the job!" the stranger answered.

"Pshaw!" responded the captain. "Taint nothin' but a little joke, an' I'm goin' ter pay you well fer it!"

The two arose, hagglng over a price for the job. Silas walked away. The mate was aghast at his rival's cunning plot. He trembled when he thought of the pinnacle the captain would reach and the depth to which he would sink in the widow's estimation if the plotters succeeded. He was seized with a wild desire to flee the vessel with Sam, but his charge was nowhere in sight and the gallows,



Silas Bliggs.

the stranger having pulled off, were weighing the anchor. When he grew calm he set himself to plan a way to frustrate the rascally scheme, but although he spent many an hour in thinking over the situation, the only determination he arrived at was that when the "Salmouth Siren" reached Blimley Cove he would stick to Sam like a leech.

The boat was within a day's sail of Blimley Cove when a severe storm arose. In the evening, as great wind-driven sheets of rain beat the deck and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the plunging bark weirdly, the captain sought his mate's company for the first time during the trip. Silas, occupied by his troubles, seeing that the captain had been drinking, paid little heed to his maudlin talk. But as the captain, growing superstitious under the combined influences of the liquor and the storm, unfolded his pet belief that the destinies of ships were controlled by strange sea folk, Silas grew interested and then agreed heartily with the captain. When they separated Silas was deep in thought.

About midnight, sobered by the storm, the captain had taken the wheel. Suddenly, above the noise of the waves, he heard a strange voice calling him. By the faint light from the cabin air-ports he made out, forward of the wheel, a prostrate figure. As he peered a continued flash of lightning disclosed a mermaid. A mass of long yellow hair half veiled her face and streamed over her shoulders and from her neck to the end of her long fish-like tail, phosphorous radiated.

The captain shivered. "Who air you?" he gasped.

"The mermaid what looks after this here craft's fortune!" the creature hoarsely answered. "I hev come to warn ye, Peter Blowsy, that destruction waits the 'Siren' at Blimley Cove! It air a punishment fer yore evil doings!"

"I jest meant to hev a little joke, good mermaid!" bawled the captain, in his excitement, letting the mermaid's peculiar pronunciation escape him. No answer came. The mermaid was vanishing. The skipper remained transfixed with terror until the gleams of phosphorous shone no longer. Then he staggered to the companionway and bawled for the mate. When, after an exasperating delay, Silas appeared the skipper with an oath instructed him to set a straight course for Salmouth and went below.

Two evenings later, shortly after his mate had gone ashore, Captain Blowsy entered his cabin, intending to don his shore clothes. He found upon the cabin table a huge bundle. Opening it curiously, he discovered a mass of unraveled hemp, fashioned into the shape of a woman's wig; a huge fish tail, made from two pieces of old canvas cut to the required shape and basted together, with an opening at its largest end large enough to admit a man's body, and a box of wet sulphur matches, labeled "The forlornest you seed!" With these articles was enclosed a note stating that the remainder of the "mermaid" what looked after the "Siren's" fortune could be found that evening at the "Mariner's Rest," where a full account of why and how she appeared could be heard.

Silas had conquered; his discomfited rival sought liquid solace that evening in a strange tavern.

Silas, when Sam had been sent to bed, seeing that his highly-colored story of his rival's dastardly plot and its frustration had caused favoring winds, set sail for and reached the Port of Love.

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An old woman once asked in a dry goods store to be shown some silk. A young clerk showed her some, saying: "We can do this for you at \$1.60 a yard." The woman asked for something better, but the clerk replied that they had nothing better. Whereupon the proprietor came forward and said:

"You must excuse my assistant, madam; he is new to the business. Here, madam, is a superior article, \$2.00 a yard. If it were not for the fact that I bought it some time ago we should have to charge you \$3.75, for, as you are doubtless aware, owing to the recent epidemic among the silkworms, the price of silk has increased enormously of late." The customer took the silk. A few days later the same old woman came in and asked for some tape. The clerk said glibly:

"Here is some that we can let you have at 16 cents the dozen yards. If it wasn't for the fact that we have had it in stock some time we should have to charge 25 cents, for, as you are doubtless aware, owing to the recent epidemic among the tape-worms, the price of tape has gone up enormously." It was then she hit him with her umbrella.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

City Marshal Baber wants the public to take notice that he will strictly enforce the chicken and stock ordinances. Owners of both are hereby warned to keep them within bounds or suffer the consequences. 4-14-36

The West Circle of the Methodist Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Thurman Thursday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock on the corner of Third and Cheyenne. Each lady is expected to bring one of the five articles she has pledged herself to make for the Bazaar, as employment for the afternoon.

By order of Secretary.

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